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tion of the proprietors) until arrears are paid.

Poetry.

A LITERARY "MOSSAIC."

BY ANTIQUARIUS.

The following is clipped from the Wisconsin.
The best literary work that we have seen. It is
appropriately styled a literary "Mosaic."

The curlew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime, from Lyones to Japan;
To its own spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Tell—if you can—what is it to be wise?
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
The man of Ross, each liping lake replies,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain.

Al! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far on the solar wave or milky way;
Procreation is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul—
Must be cruel only to be kind,
And walk a path from India to the pole.

Epiphany, I joy to meet the time alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fauzy free.

Farwell, and whoso'er thy voice be tried,
Why to you mountain turns the gazing eye?
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the native moralist to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we may, be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest.

The following verses from Shelly's "Revolt of
the Angels" have often been copied in American papers,
as they will bear repetition, we again put them
before you:

There is a people mighty in its youth—
And beyond the Ocean of the West;
Where, through the mists of Freedom and Truth
Are worshipped; from a glorious mother's breast,
Who, since high Athens fell, among the roots
Like the Queen of Nations, but in vain,
In blood monsters outraged and oppressed,
Turns to her chaste child for succor now,
And draws the milk of Power in Wisdom's fullest
flow.

This land is like the Eagle, whose young gaze
Reeds on the nontide beam, whose golden plume,
Flutters on the storm, and in the blast
Of sunrise gleams when Earth is wrapped in gloom:
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Murdered Europe may thy name be made,
Great People! As the sands shall thus become:
Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade;
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy
shade.

Free! In the desert there is built a home
For Freedom! Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new heaven: myriads assemble there,
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes;
Say, start not at the name—AMERICA!

SHE IS SLEEPING YET.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—
By the castle waves the linden tree,
While the night-wind moans, and the rose is wet,
With dew that is falling gently—
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,
And fair as that rose she seems to be.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—
Above her stars shine brightly,
And the moon rides on where the sun has set,
And looks on the sleeper peacefully—
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,
By the water-fall and linden tree.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—
By the castle waves the linden tree,
Where, lonely, I sit and watch with regret,
And wish on its boughs a leaf to be—
Then o'er her I'd wave till the stars were set,
And fill her dreams with Heaven and me.

The following lines by J. G. Saxe, Esq., have
been pronounced sublime in thought and elegant in
expression:—

SPES EST VATES.

There is a dogma of the ancient sages:—
No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can ever come to naught.

With kindred faith, that knows no base dejection,
Beyond the ages' scope
I see, afar, the final restriction
Of every glorious hope!

I see, as peace of a new creation
The beatific hour
When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall blossom into power!

We are not mocked; it was not in derision
God made our spirits free;
Our brightest hopes are but the dim pre-vision
Of blessings that shall be!

When they, who fondly have hoped and trusted,
Dapple some transient fear;
Shall see life's javing elements adjusted,
And rounded into spheres!

Agriculture.

GUANO has, practically, but two constitu-
ents which require to be taken into con-
sideration, and these are the ammonia and
the phosphates. With the exception of the
alkaline salts, none of the constituents have
much value. Then, to estimate the worth of
guano, we require to know the value of
ammonia and phosphate of lime.

As regards the amount to be applied to
any acre, we will take the Columbian guano
as a standard in a soil of medium quality
in Rhode Island. An acre of wheat or
barley will require about 500 pounds mixed
with ten times its bulk of earth, garden
mould, well-rotted peat or swamp muck,
and sown broadcast, and plowed or har-
rowed in with the seed just before a rain.

If the soil be rather poor, 700 pounds will
be necessary; if good 400 pounds will
suffice. For oats, peas and rye, 400 pounds
will be enough. Grass land of several
years' standing may be renovated or greatly
improved by sowing about 600 pounds
broadcast in wet weather, soon after the
young blades begin to shoot. For potatoes,
cabbages and turnips and Indian corn, 400
pounds may be applied broadcast to an acre
at the time of planting or putting in the
seed, in connection with decomposed peat,
swamp or pond muck, &c., previously thor-
oughly ploughing the land, and then well
harrowing in the guano, and afterwards
raising the earth into beds or ridges by
means of a plough, at suitable distances
apart for the rows or drills of the respec-
tive crop. By so doing, the guano will be
equally diffused through the soil. When
the plants are sufficiently advanced in their
growth to be cleansed or earthed up, a
second dressing of 200 or 300 pounds of
guano may be applied in the same way as
above; that is, spread it uniformly over the
surface, taking care not to scatter it on the
leaves nor stalks, and then drawing the
earth containing it around the plant. It is
better to apply the guano twice than all at
one time, and much more advantageous to
work it through the soil, than to put it at
the bottom of the drills or hills, as there is
danger of its killing the young plants by
coming in direct contact with the roots, or
overgrowing them with nourishment, and
leaving those which survive with an insuffi-
cient supply in the advanced stages of
their growth. For grape vines, the apple,
pear, cherry and plum and other fruit trees,
guano stands unrivalled in its effects as a
manure. Care should be taken that none
of the guano may touch the roots, but scatter
it broadcast over the surface around each
tree, and follow immediately by a copious
watering by hand or by a drenching rain.

By these means a portion of the guano will
become dissolved and sink into the soil
about the roots, the good effect of which
will be apparent in a very few weeks.

It would always be well to mix the guano
before applying it to a dry soil, with char-
coal or common salt, on account of the
power which they possess of attracting
moisture, in dry seasons, from the atmo-
sphere. A mixture of about three parts of
salt or charcoal to one part of guano, has
been attended with the most important
results as regards the increase of crop.

Columbian guano is unquestionably one
of the best manures for all plants that re-
quire manure at all, provided the soil is
kept open by digging in leaves, vegetables,
rubbish, &c., from time to time. If the
weather be dry, one of the best ways of
using it is to dilute it with water and apply
the solution thus obtained. A quart of the
best guano may be dissolved in ten gallons
of water, and applied in quantity as cir-
cumstances may require, by means of a
garden engine, or syringe. In this state of
dilution it can do no harm to the plants, not
even to the most delicate kinds of flowers.

It will be recollected that in our last the
State Assayer of Massachusetts said that
the Columbian guano deserved a full and
accurate analysis, and since then he has
given the following:—

"This was a dark brown powder, containing
some fragments of bone and much moisture;
it was composed of—

Moisture as water, 20.90
Organic matter, containing combined Am-
monia, Creatine and Urea, 14.70
Bone, Phosphate of Lime and Magnesia, 49.30
Carbonate of Lime, 3.70
Chloride Sodium and Sulphate Soda, 4.30
Sand, 99.52

The organic matter here given in a state of
dryness, is in the state of a compound with part
of the lime belonging to the bone phosphate, so
that we detect free phosphoric acid in the guano.
This is an important character, as it shows that
the phosphate of lime is in its soluble state, ready
for assimilation by a growing crop, while the
organic matter is also in part, soluble in water.

The addition of two per cent, of soda ash of 80
per cent. strength, renders the organic matter in
one hundred pounds perfectly soluble in water
and increases the fermentative power to a high
degree. After the addition of soda, I found the
matter extracted by water; had the characters of
that from Peruvian Guano, excepting in the
presence of less salient matter, and ammonia.

Considering that even worn-out lands retain
the elements of ammonia, or ammoniac salts, we
may safely rely on the organic matter of this
guano after treatment with soda-ash, as capable
of fermenting and bringing to the proper condi-
tion, the organic matter of any soil; while its
very large proportion of bone phosphate of lime
will furnish that indissoluble constituent of
every cereal crop.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M. D.
Assayer to State of Mass.

16 Boylston St., Boston, 18th Oct., 1855.

Selected Tale.

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

AN UNPLEASANT COMPANION.

One fine summer morning a few years
since, there was a wonderful excitement
in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the
idle men, women and children in the
neighborhood—comprehending about nine-
tenths of the population—were assembled
on the large level common which served
as a race course and gambling green; and
all thronged towards some object in the
centre, which formed the nucleus of the
crowd.

"Yes, then, what's the name of it at
all?" demanded one ragged gossamer.
"Is it tied to the tail of it he's going
up?" asked another.

"Ah, don't be foolish!" exclaimed an
old man, the "sense carrier" of the dis-
trict; "don't ye see the long ropes he's
going to hold on by?"

"Well, well!" groaned an old woman,
taking a dudgeon, or short black pipe out
of her mouth, and sticking it, lighted as it
was, within the folds of her cross-barred
cotton neckerchief; "them English are
mighty queer people. I'm sure, when we
heard that this Mr. Brown, with his sacks
of gold, was coming to Ritelarm, after
buying out the rale old stock of the
Deasys, we though he'd have carriages and
horses galore, and may be a fine yacht in
the harbor; but it never entered the heads
of any of us that nothing would serve him
than going coarsing through the air, like
a wild goose, at the tail of a ballone, or
whatsoever they call it."

For some time past, the process of inflat-
ing the balloon had been going on; and
now the great gaily painted orb towered
tremulously above the heads of the gaping
spectators, and pressing the cords by
which it was held down, it seemed only to
await the arrival of the bold aeronaut to
dart upwards on its way.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the out-
ward stragglers of the crowd; and presently a
carriage drew up, and out stepped Brown,
the English millionaire, who had lately
become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr.
Brown was a little dapper man, whom a
very small amount of pugilistic force
would have sufficed to lay level with the
soil of his adoption. He was one of those
unlucky individuals who meet an accident
at every turn—who, entering a room,
invariably slip, tumble, knock down some
piece of furniture, or sit down beside their
chair instead of upon it. He seldom
escaped upsetting his ink-stand, sending
his meat and drink the "wrong way" and
then coughing and choking for a half an
hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat,
or knocking his forehead against a door,
so that he rarely appeared in society
without scars, plasters or bandages.

In practising gymnastics, he had knocked out
three of his teeth; yachting at Cowes, he
had been four times nearly drowned; in
shooting on the moors in Scotland he had
left the grouse unharmed, but had blown
off two of his own fingers. A taste
for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his
eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to
railway travelling, his hair-breadth "scapes
and moving accidents, amid collisions,
upsets, and explosions, would have served
to fill up two or three handsome orange-
colored volumes of the English "Railway
Library," or the French "Bibliothèque des
Chemins de Fer."

At length, having tried the three ele-
ments of earth, water and fire, it occurred
to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of
air, as a medium of locomotion, might be
more agreeable, and could not be more
perilous, than the others. He accordingly,
the year before, when residing on his estate
in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent
balloon, and, strange to say, had made sev-
eral ascents, and had come down again in
perfect safety. On this occasion he medi-
tated a flight over the Green Isle, and in-
tended to come down at Belfast; but the
best informed members of the crowd as-
serted that he was going "every step of
the way to Ameriky."

A London friend, who had come to Ire-
land on a fishing excursion, had promised
to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but, as it
would seem, his courage failed, and he
came not. In no wise discouraged, Mr.
Brown was just about to step into his aerial
car, when a tall, strongly built man sud-
denly stepped forward, and politely salut-
ing the aeronaut, said: "May I ask you a
question, sir?"

"Certainly."
"Is it true that you are going to Amer-
ica?"

"No; merely to Belfast, wind and
weather permitting."

"Belfast," repeated the stranger in a
musing manner—"the north of Ireland."
Well, that is just the direction towards
which I want to go, and I hate travelling.

Will you, sir, accept me as a compan-
ion?"

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment; but
as he really wished for some one to accom-
pany him, he saw no serious objection to

the plan, and accordingly signified his
acquiescence, merely remarking to the
stranger that his costume seemed too light
for the regions of cold air which they
would have to traverse.

"Bah!" was the reply, "I have passed
through more changes of climate than that,
and I am happily very robust."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "my car is
large enough. Come, in the name of
Providence!" So they took their places,
and the word was given—"Let go!"

The fifteen men whose hands were se-
verely pressed by the straining cords, de-
sired nothing better, and in a moment the
freed balloon began to ascend majestically.
The crowd shouted and clapped their
hands.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Brown, "this is de-
lightful! don't you think so?" Not re-
ceiving any answer, he turned and looked
at his travelling companion. There he
was, lying almost flat on his face and hands,
with his head over the side of the car; his
eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mr. Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rap-
idly, and ere long arrived at the region of
the clouds. Turning once more to his
immovable companion, Mr. Brown shook
him slightly by the arm, and said, "Are
you ill?" Still no reply, but a fixed and
stolid stare. They were now at a great
elevation: clouds lay beneath their feet,
above their heads a burning sun, and in-
finite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his
face pallid as that of a corpse.

"Faster! faster!" he exclaimed in a
tone of authority; and seizing in succession
three of the bags of sand which served as
ballast, he flung them out of the car, at
the same time laughing in a strange wild
manner. "Ha!" he cried, "that's the
way to travel! We shall distance the
swallow, we shall tower above the eagle—
When I was in the Abruzzi with my rifle
in my hand, watching for stray travellers,
I never felt so excited as I do now. Then
their lives were in danger; now it is my
own."

"Very pleasant!" thought the owner
of the balloon. "I have picked up some
rascally Italian brigand."

"Better to fight with the elements than
the custom-house officers!" continued his
companion. The balloon ascended at a
terrific rate. In his turn, Mr. Brown stood
up, and laying his hand on the stranger's
arm, said:—

"For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our
lives are at stake. I must allow some of
the gas to escape, in order to repair your
imprudence."

"How do you do it?"

"I have only to draw this string, which is
connected with the valve."

"And if you had not that resource, what
would be the consequence?"

"We should continue to ascend, until
everything would burst from excessive
dilatation." The man continued for a few
minutes in deep thought; then suddenly
drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as
high as he could reach.

"Faster! faster!" he reiterated. The
stranger was a giant compared with Mr.
Brown, who, perceiving that he could ob-
tain nothing by force, began to try concilia-
tion.

"Sir," said he, in a soothing tone, "you
are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well,
our religion forbids homicide."

"Faster!" shouted the giant; and seiz-
ing the remaining sacks of sand, he scat-
tered their contents to the clouds. Mr.
Brown fell on his knees.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if you have no
regard for your own life, at least have some
pity on mine. I am young, happy. I have
a mother and a sister: in their name, I
conjure you to stretch your hand up to the
valve, and save us from a dreadful death,
by allowing some gas to escape."

Shaking his wild locks, the stranger
drew off his coat, and exclaiming—"We
are ascending," flung it out.

"Your turn now!" he continued; and
without the smallest ceremony, despoiled
the unfortunate Brown of his paletot, and
threw it over.

The balloon pursued its wild career with-
out stop or stay.

"Ha! ha!" said the stranger; "while
we're thus climbing so pleasantly towards
the sky, I will tell you a story—shall I?"
His unhappy companion did not stir—
Already, from the extreme rarity of the air,
the blood was gushing from his eyes and
ears. "Listen man! Three years ago,
I lived in Madrid. I was a widower,
with one little daughter, a bright-eyed
angel: her long curling hair was waving
this moment before my eyes. One day,
I went out early, and did not return till late;

my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone;
banditti had come and stolen her from me.
But, my friend, have you a cannon here?"

Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in
the negative. "What a pity!—I would
have bombarded Spain! Ever since, I
have searched for my child in every coun-
try of Europe, but in vain. Now I think
she may be in the north of Ireland. Have
you a lucifer match here?" Mr. Brown
made no reply, but shook his head. "You

have not! Ah! if I could get one, I
would set the balloon on fire; and then,
when reduced to ashes, it would be much
lighter! When you first saw me this
morning, I was examining the stupid faces
of you crowd to see if the dark foreign one
of my Emma's robber might be amongst
them."

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that
his travelling companion was a confirmed
lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

"What is your name?" he asked.
"Gerald Annesley."
"The very same?"

"I know where the wretch lives who
stole your child; we are now just above
the spot. Draw the valve, Mr. Annesley,
and in a short time you will embrace your
Emma."

"No, no, you are deceiving me. My
Emma is not on earth—she is in heaven.
Last night she appeared to me in a dream,
and told me so. That's the reason I want
to ascend higher and higher. Come, my
friend, help me: let us both blow as hard
as we can on the balloon. As we are be-
neath, our breath must help it to rise—
Blow! blow!" Mr. Brown, moved by
terror, tried to obey.

"It does not stir! Come, mount on
my shoulders, and push the balloon!"—
And without consulting him any further,
the giant caught him up, as if he had been
a feather, and held him above his head,
saying—"Now, push the balloon!" The
unlucky victim tried to obey, but the blood
blinded his eyes. There was a horrible
buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed
before him. For a moment, he thought of
throwing himself over, in order to end his
torments.

"Ha!" shouted the madman, "it does
not go!" At that moment the trembling
hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the
cords of the safety-valve. He made it
play, and the collapsing orb began to de-
scend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted
downwards, and the earth re-appeared.

"Ah!" cried Annesley, "instead of push-
ing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it
downward. Push upwards!—push, I say!"

"You see that I am pushing as hard as
I can."

"No; for here is the earth."

"It is only that the clouds are rising
towards the upper regions."

"Well, let us do the same. Let us
throw out all our ballast."

"We have no more."

Gerald Annesley laid Mr. Brown gently
in the bottom of the car and said,
"How much do you weigh?"

This question fell on poor Brown like a
stunning blow.

"How much do you weigh?" repeated
his companion, in a louder tone.

"A very little—nothing that could make
the slightest difference—a mere trifle."

"A mere trifle! Well, even that
will make some difference."

The imminence of the peril gave our
aeronaut presence of mind.

"My friend," said he, "your child is
not dead. I saw her last week near
Belfast. She is living with a family who
love her, and treat her as their own. In a
very short time, if you will allow us to
descend, you will meet her."

"Yes," continued Brown, eagerly, anx-
ious to confirm the impression he had
made; "you will see her, your darling
little Emma, running to meet you with out-
stretched arms, and her fair golden curls
waving in the wind."

"You lie! you lie! Emma's hair was
as black as jet! Man, you never saw her."

"How much do you weigh?"

"Ah! a mere trifle—only a few pounds!"

Gerald Annesley seized Mr. Brown with
both hands, and held him suspended over
the edge of the car. In another moment,
he would have dropped him into the abyss
of space.

"Annesley!" exclaimed the poor man,
"you want to mount higher?"

"Yes."
"Your only wish is to lighten the
balloon?"

"Yes."
"Then, how much do you weigh your-
self?"

"Two hundred pounds."

"Well, if you were to throw yourself
over, the balloon lightened of such a great
weight, would dart upwards with incon-
ceivable rapidity."

The madman reflected for a moment.
"True!" he said; "you are right!"

He laid Mr. Brown in the bottom of the
car, and stared wildly around.

"My Maker!" he cried, "I go to meet
Thee—I go to embrace my child, my
Emma!" and flinging himself over, he dis-
appeared.

The balloon and its owner reached the
earth in safety: the latter, however, lay for
many weeks raving in brain fever. When
he recovered, he gave orders to have his
perilous play-things sold at any sacrifice,
and soon afterwards provided himself with
an excellent care taker in the shape of a
pretty young wife, under whose tutelage
"the masquer," as his Irish valet remarks,
"is growing a dale more handy in himself."

So this was Mr. Brown's last ascent to
the clouds.

GLORIES OF WAR.

The Medical Journal of the Medical
Science has an article from which the
following extracts of some of the remarka-
ble wounds inflicted in the recent bom-
bardment of Sevastopol, are taken:—

"SHELL WOUNDS.—A seaman knocked
down by a fragment of mortar or shell,
was picked up dead. The head was appar-
ently swept from his shoulders, but there
was no hemorrhage. On disentangling his
clothes which were tightly jammed around
the injured part, the head was found driven
down into the chest, carrying with it
a great portion of blue shirt and red com-
forter. A small tuft of hair alone was
visible at the bottom of a deep cavity. It
was a regular intussusception.

"An officer of engineers had just entered
the battery, when a 13-inch mortar shell
fell close by him, exploding as it struck the
ground. One thigh was blown into the
air; the other, with its bones shattered
throughout, but retaining its continuity
by means of its integuments, was thrown
around the back of his neck, and hung
piously over the opposite shoulder, just
as the arm of a child might lie in contact
with its mother's neck. He lived for a
few minutes. A shell was fired at a
group, principally composed of sappers and
miners. One was killed, his face having
been shot away. Another was carried up
to the first parallel, badly wounded. On
examination, it was found that half of the
interior maxilla of the dead man was
driven into the roof of the second man's
mouth.

"Two artillerymen stationed in the
Sagan battery in the advance, in the right
attack, were sitting or lying down, en-
gaged in conversation, when a shell ex-
ploded as it approached their position. The
head of one man was taken off, as if by
an axe, above the neck-cloth, the tie of
which was undisturbed. The forearm of
the other must have lain in juxtaposition
with his thigh, for both limbs were loosed
off by the same blow, in a line correspond-
ing with Poupart's ligament. This man
lived for about half an hour, urgently re-
questing all around him to sprinkle his
face with water. The wounds in both
limbs were jagged. The muscles of the
thigh were drawn out in long bands.

There was no hemorrhage.

"WOUNDS FROM ROUND SHOT.—These
wounds are easily recognised at first glance,
as there is but little variety in appearance
they present. Most of the men killed by
shot had their heads knocked away either
completely or in part. However, some cases
occurred where those large projectiles
went through the body, and even through
the upper part of the thigh, making orifices
of entrance and exit.

"A bombardier, at one of the mortar
batteries, while in the act of laying the
mortar, was struck over the ribs by a spent
shot, which had barely sufficient force
to ricochet over the parapet and drop into
the covered way. As soon as the man
was struck, he uttered a loud scream,
and, as he fell, made a convulsive death-
grasp, and seized the cap of the officer
who was standing beside him. Death
was instantaneous, although there was no
mark nor breach of surface to show the
site of the injury. Nothing could persuade
his companions against the idea of his hav-
ing been killed by a 'wind contusion.'

"During the past Winter, a shot rico-
cheted with great force over one of the pa-
rapets, carrying away the cap from a sea-
man's head. The man was a little stunned,
but no further mischief ensued. When
the cap was picked up, it contained a
handful of hair, which had been shared
from the scalp by the shot. This would
have been a 'poser' for the old wind con-
tusionists!

"GRAVE SHOT WOUNDS have been
severe and numerous. The following was
an interesting case:—

We hear of snow storms in various quarters, though we hope some time will elapse before we have to record one in this vicinity.

CARPETS.—Scale of prices fixed—see advertisement in another column of the New England Company of Boston.

lady in Nashua, N. H., who makes nothing of walking six miles before breakfast. Of course she is ruddy, attractive & hearty.

The tornado on Sunday morning passed over Bristol, R. I., prostrating trees, felling chimneys, etc., within a track of about one-fourth of a mile in width.

The Stonington Railroad Company has declared a dividend of 2 1/2 per cent payable on and after the fifth November next.

The Providence jury found that Mary Hanigan murdered old Miss Richmond with whom she lived as a servant.

their employ in that village. The manufacturers will doubtless be rewarded by having more intelligent and steadier operatives.

The receipts at the U. S. Agricultural exhibition last week, were nearly \$50,000. This is, we believe, beyond parallel.

lady in Nashua, N. H., who makes nothing of walking six miles before breakfast. Of course she is ruddy, attractive & hearty.

Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction—*"the wearing apparel of Mrs. A. — O., deceased, consisting of one bed room carpets, and one sleigh."*

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